

Do you know a social butterfly that has cronies trailing after her all the time? Would you believe it if I told you she inflicts pain upon herself when she reaches home and is enclosed in the safety of her room? Face it; you would be surprised, but you would believe it. Perhaps this is because you are like her in certain ways. You may not self-mutilate, but you must be on a similar wavelength anyhow. Let me further illustrate this “similar wavelength” using a milder situation. Do you have days when you fancy the idea of talking nineteen to the dozen like a broken recorder on permanent repeat, whereas other days you are dreary and crave being a solitary figure, closed off from everyone else? Chances are that you do, and I have a piece of news for you which you might find solace in. You’re not the only one in this. I believe everyone has that little hint of dissociative identity disorder in them, or more commonly known as multiple personality disorder.

Before you launch into defensive mode, think about the different personalities you possess. Personally, I have many alter egos. I can even own two or more alter egos in just one place. At home, there are times when I simply feel like expressing heartfelt thoughts to my parents, whereas other times I just want to shrink into something as small as an ant, so my feeble voice will not be heard. In school, I am poles apart at different times. When I am within my comfortable circle of buddies, I can be almost obnoxiously loud, yet there are many times when a blanket of silence stifles me and I can keep my mouth shut for ages. When teachers walk in to class, I’m usually meek as a mouse. Occasionally though, my alter ego peeks out and I comment on every single nitty-gritty thing there is to comment about, even earning looks of distaste from my classmates at times.

Naturally, I lose myself among all these alter egos sometimes. Which is the real me – the quiet one who barely utters a word or the impossibly cheerful one? I really am unable to decide which the real me is. So I conclude that all these characters are part of who I am. Without any one of them, I cannot call myself complete. Each one plays a role in defining who I am.

Defining oneself inevitably takes into consideration all our alter egos, and all the times we act differently. The make-up of oneself consists of them all and we ought to realise that we are all suppressed by layers of alter egos. Tomorrow when you look in the mirror, maybe you could think about which self you are going to be for the day.